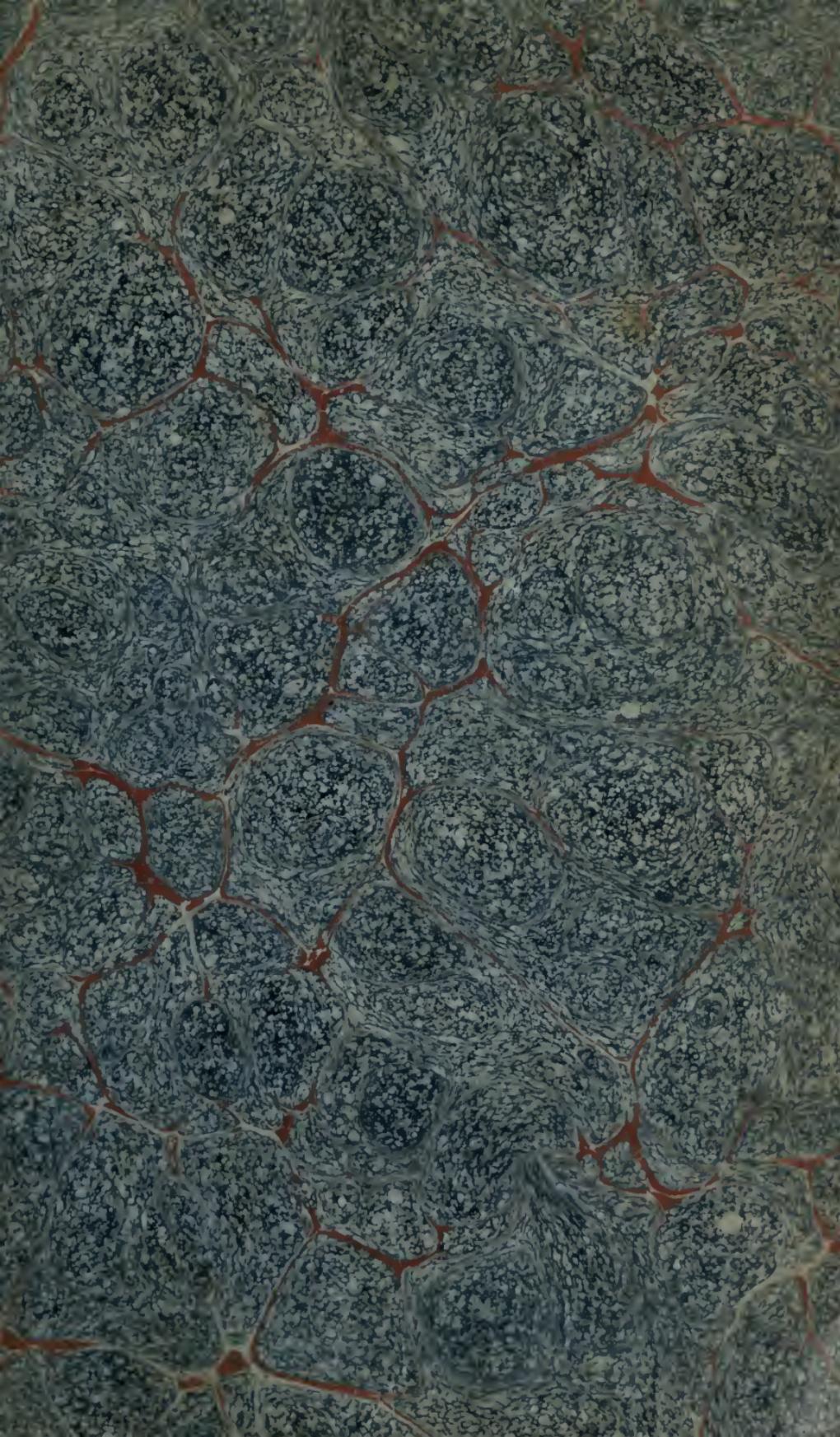
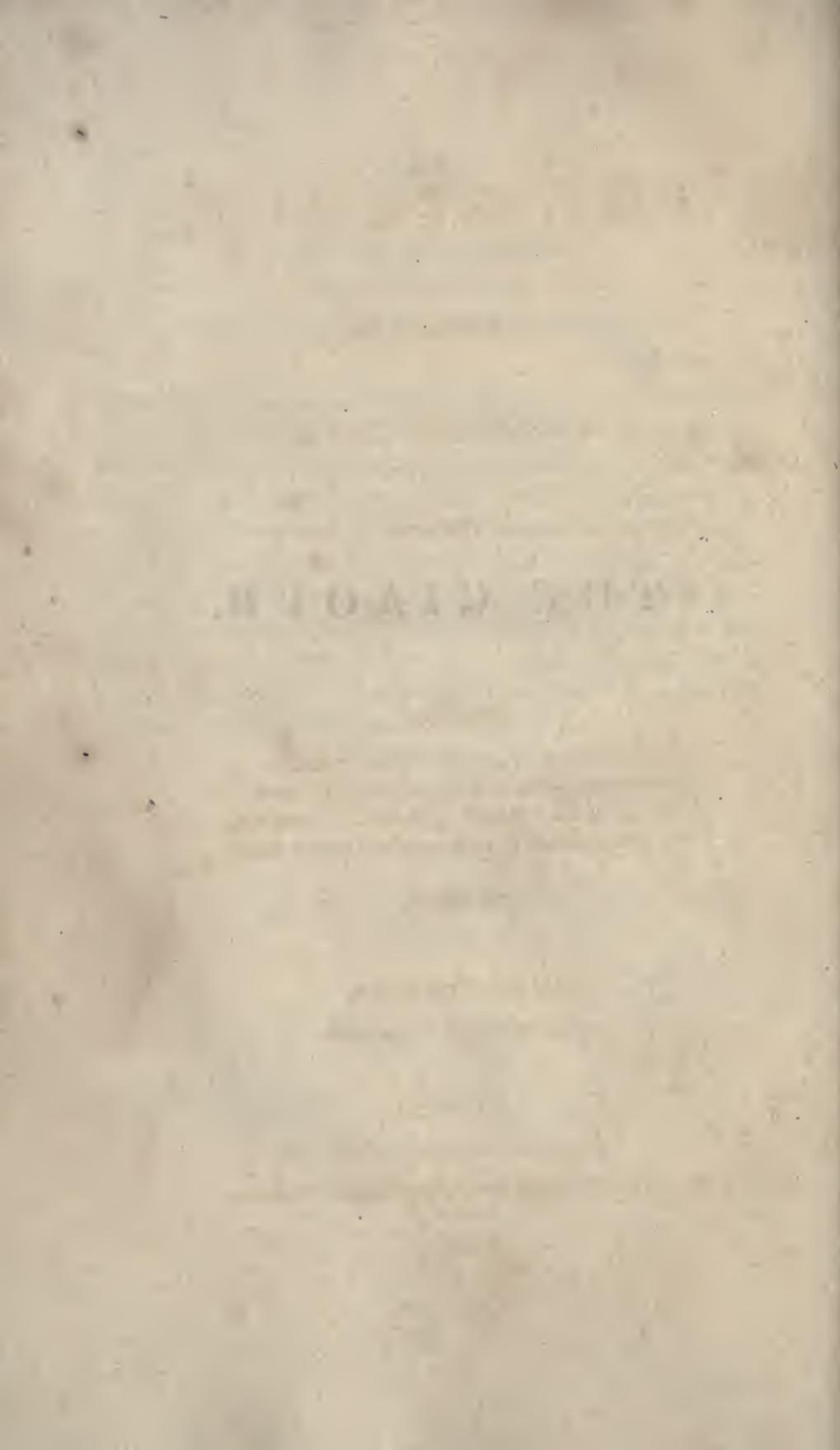


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# THE GIAOUR,

A FRAGMENT OF

*A TURKISH TALE.*

---

BY LORD BYRON.

---

“ One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws  
“ It’s bleak shade alike o’er our joys and our woes—  
“ O’er which Life nothing brighter nor darker can fling,  
“ For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting.”

MOORE.

---

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WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

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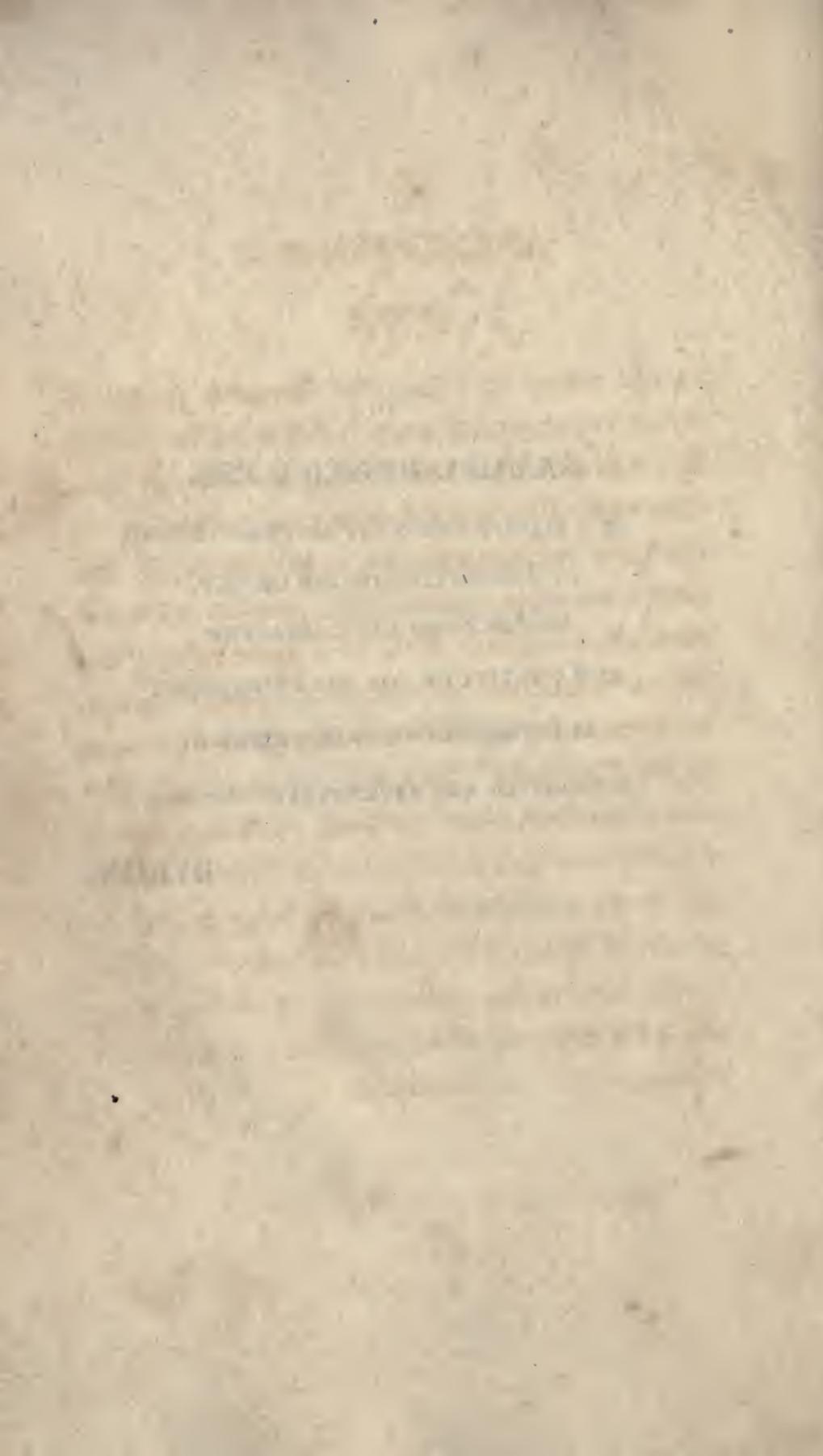
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TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN  
OF ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS;  
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,  
AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP;  
THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED BY  
HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

BYRON.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE tale which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the “olden time;” or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprize. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprize, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.



# THE GIAOUR,

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

---

No breath of air to break the wave  
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,  
That tomb \* which, gleaming o'er the cliff,  
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,  
High o'er the land he saved in vain—  
When shall such hero live again?

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Fair clime! where every season smiles  
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,  
Which seen from far Colonna's height,  
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,  
And lend to loneliness delight.  
There mildly dimpling—Ocean's cheek  
Reflects the tints of many a peak

\* A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

Caught by the laughing tides that lave  
 These Edens of the eastern wave ; 15  
 And if at times a transient breeze  
 Break the blue chrystal of the seas,  
 Or sweep one blossom from the trees,  
 How welcome is each gentle air,  
 That wakes and wafts the odours there ! 20  
 For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,  
 Sultana of the Nightingale \*,  
 The maid for whom his melody—  
 His thousand songs are heard on high,  
 Blooms blushing to her lover's tale ; 25  
 His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,  
 Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,  
 Far from the winters of the west  
 By every breeze and season blest,  
 Returns the sweets by nature given 30  
 In softest incense back to heaven ;  
 And grateful yields that smiling sky  
 Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.

\* The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable—if I mistake not, the “Bulbul of a thousand tales” is one of his appellations.

And many a summer flower is there,  
 And many a shade that love might share, 35  
 And many a grotto, meant for rest,  
 That holds the pirate for its guest ;  
 Whose bark in sheltering cove below  
 Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,  
 Till the gay mariner's guitar \* 40  
 Is heard, and seen the evening star ;  
 Then stealing with the muffled oar,  
 Far shaded by the rocky shore,  
 Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,  
 And turn to groans his roundelay. 45  
 Strange—that where Nature lov'd to trace,  
 As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,  
 And every charm and grace hath mixed  
 Within the paradise she fixed—  
 There man, enamour'd of distress, 50  
 Should mar it into wilderness,  
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower  
 That tasks not one laborious hour ;

\* The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night, with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

Nor claims the culture of his hand

To bloom along the fairy land,

But springs as to preclude his care,

And sweetly woos him—but to spare!

Strange—that where all is peace beside

There passion riots in her pride,

And lust and rapine wildly reign

To darken o'er the fair domain.

It is as though the fiends prevail'd

Against the seraphs they assail'd,

And fixed, on heavenly thrones, should dwell

The freed inheritors of hell—

So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,

So curst the tyrants that destroy!

55

60

65

70

75

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,

Ere the first day of death is fled ;

The first dark day of nothingness,

The last of danger and distress ;

(Before Decay's effacing fingers

Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)

And mark'd the mild angelic air—

The rapture of repose that's there—

The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek,  
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
 That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—  
 And but for that chill changeless brow,      80  
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy\*  
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—  
 Yes—but for these and these alone,      85  
 Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,  
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power,  
 So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd  
 The first—last look—by death reveal'd†!

\* “ Aye, but to die and go we know not where,  
 “ To lie in cold obstruction.”

*Measure for Measure, Act III. 130. Sc. 2.*

† I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description, but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours after “ the spirit is not there.” It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character; but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.

Such is the aspect of this shore— 90  
 'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start—for soul is wanting there.  
 Hers is the loveliness in death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath; 95  
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb—  
 Expression's last receding ray,  
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away! 100  
 Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—  
 Which gleams—but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!—  
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave— 105  
 Shrine of the mighty! can it be,  
 That this is all remains of thee?  
 Approach thou craven crouching slave—  
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ?  
 These waters blue that round you lave 110  
 Oh servile offspring of the free—

Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?  
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !  
 These scenes—their story not unknown—  
 Arise, and make again your own ;                           115  
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
 The embers of their former fires,  
 And he who in the strife expires  
 Will add to theirs a name of fear,  
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,                       120  
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
 They too will rather die than shaine ;  
 For Freedom's battle once begun,  
 Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,  
 Though baffled oft is ever won.                           125  
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,  
 Attest it many a deathless age !  
 While kings in dusty darkness hid,  
 Have left a nameless pyramid,  
 Thy heroes—though the general doom                   130  
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
 A mightier monument command,  
 The mountains of their native land !

There points thy Muse to stranger's eye,

The graves of those that cannot die!

135

'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,

Each step from splendour to disgrace,

Enough—no foreign foe could quell

Thy soul, till from itself it fell,

And Self-abasement pav'd the way

140

To villain-bonds and despot-sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?

No legend of thine olden time,

No theme on which the muse might soar,

High as thine own in days of yore,

145

When man was worthy of thy clime.

The hearts within thy valleys bred,

The fiery souls that might have led

Thy sons to deeds sublime;

Now crawl from cradle to the grave,

150

Slaves—nay the bondsmen of a slave\*,

And callous, save to crime;

\* Athens is the property of the Kislar Aga, (the slave of the seraglio, and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode.—A pandar and eunuch—these are not polite yet true appellations—now governs the *Governor* of Athens!

Stain'd with each evil that pollutes  
 Mankind, where least above the brutes ;  
 Without even savage virtue blest,  
 Without one free or valiant breast.

Still to the neighbouring ports they waft  
 Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft,  
 In this the subtle Greek is found,  
 For this, and this alone, renown'd.

In vain might Liberty invoke  
 The spirit to its bondage broke,  
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke :  
 No more her sorrows I bewail,  
 Yet this will be a mournful tale,

165  
 And they who listen may believe,  
 Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

\*      \*

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,  
 The shadows of the rocks advancing,  
 Start on the fisher's eye like boat  
 Of island-pirate or Mainote ;  
 And fearful for his light caique  
 He shuns the near but doubtful creek,

155

160

165

170

Though worn and weary with his toil,  
 And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,  
 Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,  
 Till Port Leone's safer shore  
 Receives him by the lovely light  
 That best becomes an Eastern night.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Who thundering comes on blackest steed ?      180  
 With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed,  
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound  
 The cavern'd echoes wake around  
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound ;  
 The foam that streaks the courser's side,      185  
 Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide :  
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,  
 There's none within his rider's breast,  
 And though to-morrow's tempest lower,  
 'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour \* !      190  
 I know thee not, I loathe thy race,  
 But in thy lineaments I trace  
 What time shall strengthen, not efface ;

\* Infidel.

Though young and pale, that sallow front  
 Is scath'd by fiery passion's brunt,  
 Though bent on earth thine evil eye  
 As meteor like thou glidest by,  
 Right well I view, and deem thee one  
 Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

195

On—on he hastened—and he drew  
 My gaze of wonder as he flew :  
 Though like a demon of the night  
 He passed and vanished from my sight ;  
 His aspect and his air impressed  
 A troubled memory on my breast ;  
 And long upon my startled ear  
 Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.  
 He spurs his steed—he nears the steep,  
 That jutting shadows o'er the deep—  
 He winds around—he hurries by—  
 The rock relieves him from mine eye—  
 For well I ween unwelcome he  
 Whose glance is fixed on those that flee ;  
 And not a star but shines too bright  
 On him who takes such timeless flight.

200

205

210

215

He wound along—but ere he passed  
 One glance he snatched—as if his last—  
 A moment checked his wheeling steed—  
 A moment breathed him from his speed—  
 A moment on his stirrup stood—

220

Why looks he o'er the olive wood?—  
 The crescent glimmers on the hill,  
 The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still;  
 Though too remote for sound to wake

In echoes of the far tophaike \*,

225

The flashes of each joyous peal

Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal.

To-night—set Rhāmazani's sun—

To-night—the Bairam feast's begun—

To-night—but who and what art thou

230

Of foreign garb and fearful brow?

And what are these to thine or thee,

That thou should'st either pause or flee?

He stood—some dread was on his face—

Soon Hatred settled in its place—

235

\* “Tophaike,” musquet.—The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset; the illumination of the Mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with *ball*, proclaim it during the night.

It rose not with the reddening flush  
 Of transient Anger's darkening blush;  
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb,  
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.

His brow was bent—his eye was glazed—      240  
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised ;  
 And sternly shook his hand on high,  
 As doubting to return or fly ;—

Impatient of his flight delayed  
 Here loud his raven charger neighed—      245  
 Down glanced that hand, and grasped his blade—

That sound had burst his waking dream,  
 As Slumber starts at owlet's scream.—

The spur hath lanced his courser's sides—  
 Away—away—for life he rides—      250  
 Swift as the hurled on high jerreed,\*  
 Springs to the touch his startled steed,  
 The rock is doubled—and the shore  
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more—

\* Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one, since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople.—I think, next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my own observation.

The crag is won—no more is seen 255  
 His Christian crest and haughty mien.—  
 'Twas but an instant—though so long  
 When thus dilated in my song—  
 'Twas but an instant that he stood,  
 Then sped as if by death pursued ; 260  
 But in that instant, o'er his soul  
 Winters of Memory seemed to roll ;  
 And gather in that drop of time  
 A life of pain, an age of crime:  
 O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears, 265  
 Such moment pours the grief of years—  
 What felt *he* then—at once opprest  
 By all that most distracts the breast ?  
 That pause—which pondered o'er his fate,  
 Oh, who its dreary length shall date ! 270  
 Though in Time's record nearly nought,  
 It was Eternity to Thought !  
 For infinite as boundless space  
 The thought that Conscience must embrace,  
 Which in itself can comprehend 275  
 Woe without name—or hope—or end.—

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone,  
 And did he fly or fall alone ?  
 Woe to that hour he came or went,  
 The curse for Hassan's sin was sent                            280  
 To turn a palace to a tomb ;  
 He came, he went, like the Simoom \*,  
 That harbinger of fate and gloom,  
 Beneath whose widely-wasting breath  
 The very cypress droops to death—                            285  
 Dark tree—still sad, when others' grief is fled,  
 The only constant mourner o'er the dead !

The steed is vanished from the stall,  
 No serf is seen in Hassan's hall ;  
 The lonely Spider's thin grey pall                            290  
 Waves slowly widening o'er the wall ;  
 The Bat builds in his Haram bower ;  
 And in the fortress of his power  
 The Owl usurps the beacon-tower ;  
 The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,                    295  
 With baffled thirst, and famine, grim,

\* The blast of the desert, fatal to every thing living, and often alluded to in eastern poetry.

For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,  
 Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.  
 'Twas sweet of yore to see it play  
 And chase the sultriness of day— 300  
 As springing high the silver dew  
 In whirls fantastically flew,  
 And flung luxurious coolness round  
 The air, and verdure o'er the ground.—  
 'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright, 305  
 To view the wave of watery light,  
 And hear its melody by night.—  
 And oft had Hassan's Childhood played  
 Around the verge of that cascade;  
 And oft upon his mother's breast 310  
 That sound had harmonized his rest;  
 And oft had Hassan's Youth along  
 It's bank been soothed by Beauty's song;  
 And softer seemed each melting tone  
 Of Music mingled with it's own.— 315  
 But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose  
 Along the brink at Twilight's close—  
 The stream that filled that font is fled—  
 The blood that warmed his heart is shed!—

And here no more shall human voice  
Be heard to rage—regret—rejoice—  
The last sad note that swelled the gale  
Was woman's wildest funeral wail—  
*That* quenched in silence—all is still,  
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill— 325  
Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,  
No hand shall close its clasp again.  
On desert sands 'twere joy to scan  
The rudest steps of fellow man,  
So here the very voice of Grief  
Might wake an Echo like relief—  
At least 'twould say, “ all are not gone ;  
“ There lingers Life, though but in one—  
For many a gilded chamber's there,  
Unmeet for Solitude to share ;  
Within that dome as yet Decay  
Hath slowly worked her cankered way—  
But Gloom is gathered o'er the gate,  
Nor there the Fakir's self will wait ;  
Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,  
For Bounty cheers not his delay ; 340

Nor there will weary stranger halt  
 To share the master's "bread and salt."\*  
 Alike must Wealth and Poverty  
 Pass heedless and unheeded by,  
 For Courtesy and Pity died  
 With Hassan on the mountain side.—  
 His roof—that refuge unto men—  
 Is Desolation's hungry den.—

The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour, 350  
 Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre ! †

\* \* \* \* \*

I hear the sound of coming feet,  
 But not a voice mine ear to greet—  
 More near—each turban I can scan,  
 And silver-sheathed ataghan ‡ ;

355

\* The pledge of hospitality with all Mussulmans, particularly the Arabs.

† I need hardly observe, that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief, is a panegyric on his bounty; the next, on his valour.

‡ The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

The foremost of the band is seen

An Emir by his garb of green\* :

“ Ho ! who art thou?—this low salam†

“ Replies of Moslem faith I am.

“ The burthen ye so gently bear,

360

“ Seems one that claims your utmost care,

“ And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,

“ My humble bark would gladly wait.

“ Thou speakest sooth, thy skiff unmoor,

“ And waft us from the silent shore;

365

“ Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and ply

“ The nearest oar that's scatter'd by,

“ And midway to those rocks where sleep

“ The channel'd waters dark and deep.—

\* Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants ; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works ; they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

† Salam aleikoum! aleikoum salam! peace be with you ; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful ;—to a Christian, “ Urlarula,” a good journey ; or saban hiresem, saban serula ; good morn, good even ; and sometimes, “ may your end be happy ;” are the usual salutes.

" Rest from your task—so—bravely done, 370

" Our course has been right swiftly run,

" Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,

" That one of—

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,

The calm wave rippled to the bank ;

375

I watch'd it as it sank, methought

Some motion from the current caught

Bestirr'd it more,—'twas but the beam

That checquer'd o'er the living stream—

I gaz'd, till vanishing from view,

380

Like lessening pebble it withdrew ;

Still less and less, a speck of white

That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight ;

And all its hidden secrets sleep,

Known but to Genii of the deep,

385

Which, trembling in their coral caves,

They dare not whisper to the waves.

\* \* \* \* \*

As rising on its purple wing  
 The insect-queen\* of eastern spring,  
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer                   390  
 Invites the young pursuer near,  
 And leads him on from flower to flower  
 A weary chase and wasted hour,  
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high  
 With panting heart and tearful eye :                   395  
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child  
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild ;  
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.  
 If won, to equal ills betrayed,                   400  
 Woe waits the insect and the maid,  
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
 From infant's play, and man's caprice :  
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought  
 Has lost its charm by being caught,                   405  
 For every touch that wooed its stay  
 Has brush'd its brightest hues away,

\* The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,  
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone.

With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,

410

Ah! where shall either victim rest?

Can this with faded pinion soar

From rose to tulip as before?

Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,

Find joy within her broken bower?

415

No: gayer insects fluttering by

Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,

And lovelier things have mercy shewn

To every failing but their own,

And every woe a tear can claim

420

Except an erring sister's shame.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,

Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,

In circle narrowing as it glows

The flames around their captive close,

425

Till inly search'd by thousand throes,

And maddening in her ire,

One sad and sole relief she knows,  
 The sting she nourish'd for her foes,  
 Whose venom never yet was vain,      430  
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,  
 And darts into her desperate brain.—  
 So do the dark in soul expire,  
 Or live like Scorpion girt by fire \*;  
 So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,      435  
 Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,  
 Darkness above, despair beneath,  
 Around it flame, within it death!—

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,  
 Nor bends on woman's face his eyes,      440

\* Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict "Felo de se." The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

The unwonted chase each hour employs,  
 Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.  
 Not thus was Hassan wont to fly  
 When Leila dwelt in his Serai.

Doth Leila there no longer dwell ?

445

That tale can only Hassan tell :  
 Strange rumours in our city say

Upon that eve she fled away ;  
 When Rhamazan's\* last sun was set,

And flashing from each minaret

450

Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast  
 Of Bairam through the boundless East.

'Twas then she went as to the bath,  
 Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath,

But she was flown her master's rage

455

In likeness of a Georgian page ;

And far beyond the Moslem's power

Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour.

Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd,

But still so fond, so fair she seem'd,

460

\* The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan ; see note to page 12.

Too well he trusted to the slave  
 Whose treachery deserv'd a grave :  
 And on that eve had gone to mosque,  
 And thence to feast in his kiosk.  
 Such is the tale his Nubians tell,      465  
 Who did not watch their charge too well ;  
 But others say, that on that night,  
 By pale Phingari's \* trembling light,  
 The Giaour upon his jet black steed  
 Was seen—but seen alone to speed      470  
 With bloody spur along the shore,  
 Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,  
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle,  
 It will assist thy fancy well,      475  
 As large, as languishingly dark,  
 But Soul beam'd forth in every spark  
 That darted from beneath the lid,  
 Bright as the ruby of Giamschid †.

\* Phingari, the moon.

† The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher

Yea, Soul, and should our prophet say                    480  
 That form was nought but breathing clay,  
 By Alla! I would answer nay;  
 Though on Al-Sirat's \* arch I stood,  
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,  
 With Paradise within my view,                            485  
 And all his Houris beckoning through.  
 Oh! who young Leila's glance could read  
 And keep that portion of his creed †

of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag, “the torch of night;” also, the “cup of the sun,” &c.—In the first editions “Giamschid” was written as a word of three syllables, so D’Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable, and writes “Jamsheid.” I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.

\* Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth less than the thread of a famished spider, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a “*facilis descensus Averni*,” not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

† A vulgar error; the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern “any fit-

Which saith, that woman is but dust,  
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust? 490

On her might Muftis gaze, and own  
 That through her eye the Immortal shone—  
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue,  
 The young pomegranate's\* blossoms strew  
 Their bloom in blushes ever new— 495

Her hair in hyacinthine † flow  
 When left to roll its folds below ;  
 As midst her handmaids in the hall  
 She stood superior to them all,  
 Hath swept the marble where her feet 500

Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet  
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth,  
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.  
 The cygnet nobly walks the water—  
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter— 505

ness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

\* An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed " plus Arabe qu'en Arabie."

† Hyacinthine, in Arabic, " Sunbul," as common a thought in the eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

The loveliest bird of Franguestan \* !  
 As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,  
 And spurns the wave with wings of pride,  
 When pass the steps of stranger man

Along the banks that bound her tide ; 510

Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck :—  
 Thus armed with beauty would she check  
 Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze  
 Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.  
 Thus high and graceful was her gait ; 515  
 Her heart as tender to her mate—  
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he ?  
 Alas ! that name was not for thee !

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en  
 With twenty vassals in his train, 520  
 Each arm'd as best becomes a man  
 With arquebuss and ataghan ;  
 The chief before, as deck'd for war,  
 Bears in his belt the scimitar

\* “ Franguestan,” Circassia.

Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood,  
When in the pass the rebels stood,  
And few return'd to tell the tale  
Of what befell in Parne's vale.

The pistols which his girdle bore  
Were those that once a pasha wore,

Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,  
Even robbers tremble to behold.—

'Tis said he goes to woo a bride  
More true than her who left his side;

The faithless slave that broke her bower,  
And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!—

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun's last rays are on the hill,  
And sparkle in the fountain rill,  
Whose welcome waters cool and clear,  
Draw blessings from the mountaineer;  
Here may the loitering merchant Greek  
Find that repose 'twere vain to seek  
In cities lodg'd too near his lord,  
And trembling for his secret hoard—

525

530

535

540

Here may he rest where none can see,  
In crowds a slave, in deserts free ;  
And with forbidden wine may stain  
The bowl a Moslem must not drain.—

\* \* \* \* \*

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,  
Conspicuous by his yellow cap,  
The rest in lengthening line the while  
Wind slowly through the long defile ;  
Above, the mountain rears a peak,  
Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,  
And their's may be a feast to-night,

Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light.

Beneath, a river's wintry stream  
Has shrunk before the summer beam,  
And left a channel bleak and bare,  
Save shrubs that spring to perish there.

Each side the midway path there lay  
Small broken crags of granite gray,  
By time or mountain lightning riven,  
From summits clad in mists of heaven ;

545

550

555

560

For where is he that hath beheld  
The peak of Liakura unveil'd?

\* \* \* \* \*

565

They reach the grove of pine at last,  
“ Bismillah \*! now the peril's past ;  
“ For yonder view the opening plain,  
“ And there we'll prick our steeds amain :”  
The Chiaus spake, and as he said,  
A bullet whistled o'er his head ;  
The foremost Tartar bites the ground !

570

Scarce had they time to check the rein  
Swift from their steeds the riders bound,  
But three shall never mount again,  
Unseen the foes that gave the wound,  
The dying ask revenge in vain.

575

With steel unsheathe'd, and carbines bent,  
Some o'er their courser's harness leant,  
Half shelter'd by the steed,

580

\* Bismillah—“ In the name of God ;” the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

Some fly behind the nearest rock,  
 And there await the coming shock,  
 Nor tamely stand to bleed  
 Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,  
 Who dare not quit their craggy screen.  
 Stern Hassan only from his horse  
 Disdains to light, and keeps his course,  
 Till fiery flashes in the van  
 Proclaim too sure the robber-clan  
 Have well secur'd the only way  
 Could now avail the promis'd prey ;  
 Then curl'd his very beard \* with ire,  
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire.  
 “ Though far and near the bullets hiss,  
 “ I've scaped a bloodier hour than this.”  
 And now the foe their covert quit,  
 And call his vassals to submit ;

585

590

595

\* A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs.

But Hassan's frown and furious word  
 Are dreaded more than hostile sword; 600  
 Nor of his little band a man  
 Resign'd carbine or ataghan—  
 Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun\*!  
 In fuller sight, more near and near,  
 The lately ambush'd foes appear, 605  
 And issuing from the grove advance,  
 Some who on battle charger prance.—  
 Who leads them on with foreign brand,  
 Far flashing in his red right hand?  
 “ ‘Tis he—’tis he—I know him now,  
 “ I know him by his pallid brow;  
 “ I know him by the evil eye†  
 “ That aids his envious treachery;  
 “ I know him by his jet-black barb,  
 “ Though now array'd in Arnaut garb, 615  
 “ Apostate from his own vile faith,  
 “ It shall not save him from the death;

\* “Amaun,” quarter, pardon.

† The “evil eye,” a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

“ ‘Tis he, well met in any hour,  
“ Lost Leila’s love—accursed Giaour !”

As rolls the river into ocean, 620  
 In sable torrent wildly streaming ;  
 As the sea-tide’s opposing motion  
 In azure column proudly gleaming,  
 Beats back the current many a rood,  
 In curling foam and mingling flood; 625  
 While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,  
 Roused by the blast of winter rave ;  
 Through sparkling spray in thundering clash,  
 The lightnings of the waters flash  
 In aweful whiteness o’er the shore, 630  
 That shines and shakes beneath the roar ;  
 Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,  
 With waves that madden as they meet—  
 Thus join the bands whom mutual wrong,  
 And fate and fury drive along. 635  
 The bickering sabres’ shivering jar,  
 And pealing wide—or ringing near  
 It’s echoes on the throbbing ear

The deathshot hissing from afar—  
 The shock—the shout—the groan of war— 640  
     Reverberate along that vale,  
     More suited to the shepherd's tale:  
 Though few the numbers—their's the strife,  
 That neither spares nor speaks for life !  
 Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press, 645  
 To seize and share the dear caress ;  
 But Love itself could never pant  
 For all that Beauty sighs to grant,  
 With half the fervour Hate bestows  
 Upon the last embrace of foes, 650  
 When grappling in the fight they fold  
 Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold.  
 Friends meet to part—Love laughs at faith ;—  
 True foes, once met, are joined till death !

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt, 655  
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt ;  
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand  
 That quivers round the faithless brand ;

His turban far behind him roll'd,  
And cleft in twain its firmest fold ; 660  
His flowing robe by falchion torn,  
And crimson as those clouds of morn  
That streak'd with dusky red, portend  
The day shall have a stormy end;  
A stain on every bush that bore 665  
A fragment of his palampore \*,  
His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,  
His back to earth, his face to heaven,  
Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclos'd eye  
Yet lowering on his enemy, 670  
As if the hour that seal'd his fate,  
Surviving left his quenchless hate ;  
And o'er him bends that foe with brow  
As dark as his that bled below.—

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave, 675  
“ But his shall be a redder grave ;

\* The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

" Her spirit pointed well the steel  
 " Which taught that felon heart to feel.  
 " He call'd the Prophet, but his power  
 " Was vain against the vengeful Giaour:                   680  
 " He call'd on Alla—but the word  
 " Arose unheeded or unheard.  
 " Thou Paynim fool!—could Leila's prayer  
 " Be pass'd, and thine accorded there?  
 " I watch'd my time, I leagu'd with these,                 685  
 " The traitor in his turn to seize;  
 " My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done,  
 " And now I go—but go alone."

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling—  
 His Mother looked from her lattice high,                   690  
 She saw the dews of eve besprinkling  
 The pasture green beneath her eye,  
 She saw the planets faintly twinkling,  
 " 'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh."—  
 She could not rest in the garden-bower,                 695  
 But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower—

“ Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,  
“ Nor shrink they from the summer heat;  
“ Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised gift,  
“ Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift? 700  
“ Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now  
“ Has gained our nearest mountain’s brow,  
“ And warily the steep descends,  
“ And now within the valley wends;  
“ And he bears the gift at his saddle bow— 705  
“ How could I deem his courser slow?  
“ Right well my largess shall repay  
“ His welcome speed, and weary way.”—  
The Tartar lighted at the gate,  
But scarce upheld his fainting weight; 710  
His swarthy visage spake distress,  
But this might be from weariness;  
His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,  
But these might be from his courser’s side;—  
He drew the token from his vest— 715  
Angel of Death! ’tis Hassan’s cloven crest!

His calpac \* rent—his caftan red—  
 “Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wed—  
 “Me, not from mercy, did they spare,  
 “But this empurpled pledge to bear. 720  
 “Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt—  
 “Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt.”

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

A turban † carv'd in coarsest stone,  
 A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,  
 Whereon can now be scarcely read 725  
 The Koran verse that mourns the dead;  
 Point out the spot where Hassan fell  
 A victim in that lonely dell.

\* The “Calpac” is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

† The turban—pillar—and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and on enquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

There sleeps as true an Osmanlie  
 As e'er at Mecca bent the knee ;  
 As ever scorn'd forbiddén wine,  
 Or pray'd with face towards the shrine,  
 In orisons resumed anew  
 At solemn sound of " Alla Hu \*!"  
 Yet died he by a stranger's hand,  
 And stranger in his native land—  
 Yet died he as in arms he stood,  
 And unaveng'd, at least in blood.  
 But him the maids of Paradise  
 Impatient to their halls invite,  
 And the dark Heaven of Houris eyes  
 On him shall glance for ever bright ;  
 They come—their kerchiefs green they wave †,  
 And welcome with a kiss the brave!

730

735

740

\* "Alla Hu!" the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice (which they frequently have) the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.

† The following is part of a battle song of the Turks :—" I see—I

Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour,  
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

745

\* \* \* \* \*

But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe  
Beneath avenging Monkir's \* scythe;  
And from its torment 'scape alone  
To wander round lost Eblis' † throne ;  
And fire unquench'd, unquenchable—  
Around—withn—thy heart shall dwell,  
Nor ear can hear, nor tongue can tell  
The tortures of that inward hell!—

750

" see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a  
" kerchief of green; and cries aloud, Come, kiss me, for I love thee,"  
&c.

\* Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight novitiate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure; there are but two; and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full.

† Eblis the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

But first, on earth as Vampire \* sent,  
 Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent ;  
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,  
 And suck the blood of all thy race,  
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,  
 At midnight drain the stream of life ;  
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce  
 Must feed thy livid living corse ;  
 Thy victims ere they yet expire  
 Shall know the dæmon for their sire,  
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them,  
 Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.  
 But one that for thy crime must fall—  
 The youngest—most belov'd of all,  
 Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—  
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame !

755

760

765

770

\* The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes on Thalaba, quotes about these “ Vroucolochas,” as he calls them. The Romaic term is “ Vardoulacha,” which the worthy old traveller has thus transposed. I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror.

Yet must thou end thy task, and mark  
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,  
 And the last glassy glance must view  
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue ;  
 Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear  
 The tresses of her yellow hair,  
 Of which in life a lock when shorn,  
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn ;  
 But now is borne away by thee,  
 Memorial of thine agony !

775

Wet with thine own best blood shall drip \*,  
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip ;  
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave—  
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave ;  
 Till these in horror shrink away  
 From spectre more accursed than they !

780

785

\* The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these soul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

“ How name ye yon lone Caloyer ?

“ His features I have scann'd before

“ In mine own land—’tis many a year,

“ Since, dashing by the lonely shore,

790

“ I saw him urge as fleet a steed

“ As ever serv'd a horseman's need.

“ But once I saw that face—but then

“ It was so mark'd with inward pain

“ I could not pass it by again ;

795

“ It breathes the same dark spirit now,

“ As death were stamped upon his brow.

“ ’Tis twice three years at summer tide

“ Since first among our freres he came;

“ And here it soothes him to abide

800

“ For some dark deed he will not name.

“ But never at our vesper prayer,

“ Nor e'er before confession chair

“ Kneels he, nor recks he when arise

“ Incense or anthem to the skies,

805

“ But broods within his cell alone,

“ His faith and race alike unknown.

“ The sea from Paynim land he crost,  
 “ And here ascended from the coast,  
 “ Yet seems he not of Othman race,      810  
 “ But only Christian in his face :  
 “ I'd judge him some stray renegade,  
 “ Repentant of the change he made,  
 “ Save that he shuns our holy shrine,  
 “ Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.      815  
 “ Great largess to these walls he brought,  
 “ And thus our abbot's favour bought ;  
 “ But were I Prior, not a day  
 “ Should brook such stranger's further stay,  
 “ Or pent within our penance cell      820  
 “ Should doom him there for aye to dwell.  
 “ Much in his visions mutters he  
 “ Of maiden 'whelmed beneath the sea ;  
 “ Of sabres clashing—foemen flying,  
 “ Wrongs aveng'd—and Moslem dying.      825  
 “ On cliff he hath been known to stand,  
 “ And rave as to some bloody hand  
 “ Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,  
 “ Invisible to all but him,

“ Which beckons onward to his grave,  
“ And lures to leap into the wave.”

830

\* \* \* \* \*

To love the softest hearts are prone,

But such can ne'er be all his own;

Too timid in his woes to share,

Too meek to meet, or brave despair ;

835

And sterner hearts alone may feel

The wound that time can never heal.

The rugged metal of the mine

Must burn before its surface shine,

840

But plung'd within the furnace-flame,

It bends and melts—though still the same ;

Then tempered to thy want, or will,

'Twill serve thee to defend or kill ;

A breast-plate for thine hour of need,

Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed ;

845

But if a dagger's form it bear,

Let those, who shape it's edge, beware !

Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,  
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart ;  
 From these its form and tone are ta'en,  
 And what they make it, must remain,  
 But break—before it bend again.

850

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

If solitude succeed to grief,  
 Release from pain is slight relief ;  
 The vacant bosom's wilderness  
 Might thank the pang that made it less.  
 We loathe what none are left to share—  
 Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear ;  
 The heart once left thus desolate,  
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.

855

860

It is as if the dead could feel  
 The icy worm around them steal,  
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep  
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep  
 Without the power to scare away  
 The cold consumers of their clay !

865

It is as if the desart-bird,\*  
 Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream ;  
 To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,  
 Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd ; 870  
 Should rend her rash devoted breast,  
 And find them flown her empty nest.  
 The keenest pangs the wretched find  
 Are rapture to the dreary void—  
 The leafless desart of the mind— 875  
 The waste of feelings unemploy'd—  
 Who would be doom'd to gaze upon  
 A sky without a cloud or sun ?  
 Less hideous far the tempest's roar,  
 Than ne'er to brave the billows more— 880  
 Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,  
 A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,  
 'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,  
 Unseen to drop by dull decay ;—  
 Better to sink beneath the shock 885  
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock !

\*      \*      \*      \*

\* The Pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

“ Father ! thy days have pass'd in peace,  
 “ ’Mid counted beads, and countless prayer ;  
 “ To bid the sins of others cease,  
 “ Thyself without a crime or care, 890  
 “ Save transient ills that all must bear,  
 “ Has been thy lot, from youth to age,  
 “ And thou wilt bless thee from the rage  
 “ Of passions fierce and uncontrol'd,  
 “ Such as thy penitents unfold, 895  
 “ Whose secret sins and sorrows rest  
 “ Within thy pure and pitying breast.  
 “ My days, though few, have pass'd below  
 “ In much of joy, but more of woe ;  
 “ Yet still in hours of love or strife 900  
 “ I’ve scap’d the weariness of life ;  
 “ Now leagu’d with friends, now girt by foes,  
 “ I loath’d the languor of repose ;  
 “ Now nothing left to love or hate,  
 “ No more with hope or pride elate ; 905  
 “ I’d rather be the thing that crawls  
 “ Most noxious o’er a dungeon’s walls,  
 “ Than pass my dull, unvarying days,  
 “ Condemn’d to meditate and gaze—

“ Yet, lurks a wish within my breast 910  
 “ For rest—but not to feel ’tis rest—  
 “ Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;  
 “ And I shall sleep without the dream  
 “ Of what I was, and would be still,  
 “ Dark as to thee my deeds may seem— 915  
 “ My memory now is but the tomb  
 “ Of joys long dead—my hope—their doom—  
 “ Though better to have died with those  
 “ Than bear a life of lingering woes—  
 “ My spirit shrunk not to sustain 920  
 “ The searching throes of ceaseless pain;  
 “ Nor sought the self-accorded grave  
 “ Of ancient fool, and modern knave:  
 “ Yet death I have not fear’d to meet,  
 “ And in the field it had been sweet 925  
 “ Had danger wooed me on to move  
 “ The slave of glory, not of love.  
 “ I’ve brav’d it—not for honour’s boast;  
 “ I smile at laurels won or lost.—  
 “ To such let others carve their way, 930  
 “ For high renown, or hireling pay;

“ But place again before my eyes  
“ Aught that I deem a worthy prize ;—  
“ The maid I love—the man I hate—  
“ And I will hunt the steps of fate, 935  
“ (To save or slay—as these require)  
“ Through rending steel, and rolling fire ;  
“ Nor needst thou doubt this speech from one  
“ Who would but do—what he *hath* done.

“ I lov’d her, friar! nay, adored— 940  
    “ But these are words that all can use—  
“ I prov’d it more in deed than word—  
“ There’s blood upon that dinted sword—  
    “ A stain it’s steel can never lose:  
“ ’Twas shed for her, who died for me, 945  
    “ It warmed the heart of one abhorred:  
“ Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,  
    “ Nor midst my sins such act record,  
“ Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,  
“ For he was hostile to thy creed! 950  
“ The very name of Nazarene  
“ Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen,

“ Ungrateful fool! since but for brands,  
 “ Well wielded in some hardy hands ;  
 “ And wounds by Galileans given, 955  
 “ The surest pass to Turkish heav’n ;  
 “ For him his Houris still might wait  
 “ Impatient at the prophet’s gate.  
 “ I lov’d her—love will find its way  
 “ Through paths where wolves would fear to prey, 960  
 “ And if it dares enough, ’twere hard  
 “ If passion met not some reward—  
 “ No matter how—or where—or why,  
 “ I did not vainly seek—nor sigh :  
 “ Yet sometimes with remorse in vain 965  
 “ I wish she had not lov’d again.  
 “ She died—I dare not tell thee how,  
 “ But look—’tis written on my brow !  
 “ There read of Cain the curse and crime,  
 “ In characters unworn by time : 970  
 “ Still, ere thou dost condemn me—pause—  
 “ Not mine the act, though I the cause ;  
 “ Yet did he but what I had done  
 “ Had she been false to more than one ;

“ Faithless to him—he gave the blow, 975  
“ But true to me—I laid him low;  
“ Howe’er deserv’d her doom might be,  
“ Her treachery was truth to me ;  
“ To me she gave her heart, that all  
“ Which tyranny can ne’er enthral ; 980  
“ And I, alas! too late to save,  
“ Yet all I then could give—I gave—  
“ ’Twas some relief—our foe a grave.  
“ His death sits lightly; but her fate  
“ Has made me—what thou well may’st hate. 985  
“ His doom was seal’d—he knew it well,  
“ Warn’d by the voice of stern Taheer,  
“ Deep in whose darkly boding ear\*  
“ The deathshot peal’d of murder near—  
“ As filed the troop to where they fell! 990

\* This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation.—On my third journey to Cape Colonna early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain.—I rode up and enquired. “ We are in peril,” he answered. “ What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there

“ He died too in the battle broil—

“ A time that heeds nor pain nor toil—

“ One cry to Mahomet for aid,

“ One prayer to Alla—all he made :

are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves?”—“ True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears.”—“ The shot!—not a tophaike has been fired this morning.”—“ I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice.”—“ Psha.”—“ As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be.”—I left this quickeared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot; whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence.—We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns.—I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a “ *Palao-castro*” man: “ No,” said he, “ but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;” and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *fore-hearing*.—On our return to Athens, we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to Childe Harolde, Canto 2d.—I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that with other circumstances, we could not doubt of *his* having been in “ villanous company,” and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood.—Dervish became

“ He knew and crossed me in the fray— 995

“ I gazed upon him where he lay,

“ And watched his spirit ebb away;

“ Though pierced like Pard by hunters' steel,

“ He felt not half that now I feel.

“ I search'd, but vainly search'd to find, 1000

“ The workings of a wounded mind;

“ Each feature of that sullen corse

“ Betrayed his rage, but no remorse.

“ Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace

“ Despair upon his dying face! 1005

“ The late repentance of that hour,

“ When Penitence hath lost her power

a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musquetry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race.—In March 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the 50th on the same errand,) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: “Well, Affendi,” quoth he, “may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow, in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me.”—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, “in the mean time he will join the Klephetes,” (robbers), which was true to the letter.—If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

“ To tear one terror from the grave—  
 “ And will not soothe, and can not save !

\* \* \* \* \*

“ The cold in clime are cold in blood, 1010  
 “ Their love can scarce deserve the name ;  
 “ But mine was like the lava flood  
 “ That boils in *Ætna's* breast of flame,  
 “ I cannot prate in puling strain  
 “ Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain ; 1015  
 “ If changing cheek—and scorching vein—  
 “ Lips taught to writhe—but not complain—  
 “ If bursting heart, and mad'ning brain,  
 “ And daring deed, and vengeful steel,  
 “ And all that I have felt—and feel— 1020  
 “ Betoken love—that love was mine,  
 “ And shewn by many a bitter sign.  
 “ 'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,  
 “ I knew but to obtain or die.  
 “ I die—but first I have possest, 1025  
 “ And come what may, I *have been* blest ;  
 “ Shall I the doom I sought upbraid ?  
 “ No—reft of all—yet undismay'd

“ But for the thought of Leila slain,  
     “ Give me the pleasure with the pain,                  1030  
     “ So would I live and love again.  
     “ I grieve, but not, my holy guide !  
     “ For him who dies, but her who died ;  
     “ She sleeps beneath the wandering wave,  
     “ Ah ! had she but an earthly grave,                  1035  
     “ This breaking heart and throbbing head  
     “ Should seek and share her narrow bed.

“ Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven—  
     “ A spark of that immortal fire  
     “ With angels shar'd—by Alla given,                  1040  
     “ To lift from earth our low desire.  
     “ Devotion wafts the mind above,  
     “ But Heaven itself descends in love—  
     “ A feeling from the Godhead caught,  
     “ To wean from self each sordid thought—                  1045  
     “ A Ray of him who form'd the whole—  
     “ A Glory circling round the soul !  
     “ I grant *my* love imperfect—all  
     “ That mortals by the name miscall—

“ Then deem it evil—what thou wilt— 1050  
 “ But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt!  
 “ She was my life’s unerring light—  
 “ That quench’d—what beam shall break my night?  
 “ Oh! would it shone to lead me still,  
 “ Although to death or deadliest ill!— 1055  
 “ Why marvel ye? if they who lose  
 “ This present joy, this future hope,  
 “ No more with sorrow meekly cope—  
 “ In phrenzy then their fate accuse—  
 “ In madness do those fearful deeds 1060  
 “ That seem to add but guilt to woe,  
 “ Alas! the breast that inly bleeds  
 “ Hath nought to dread from outward blow—  
 “ Who falls from all he knows of bliss,  
 “ Cares little into what abyss.— 1065  
 “ Fierce as the gloomy vulture’s now  
 “ To thee, old man, my deeds appear—  
 “ I read abhorrence on thy brow,  
 “ And this too was I born to bear!  
 “ ’Tis true, that, like that bird of prey, 1070  
 “ With havock have I mark’d my way—

“ But this was taught me by the dove—  
 “ To die—and know no second love.  
 “ This lesson yet hath man to learn,  
 “ Taught by the thing he dares to spurn— 1075  
 “ The bird that sings within the brake,  
 “ The swan that swims upon the lake,  
 “ One mate, and one alone, will take.—  
 “ And let the fool still prone to range,  
 “ And sneer on all who cannot change— 1080  
 “ Partake his jest with boasting boys,  
 “ I envy not his varied joys—  
 “ But deem such feeble, heartless man,  
 “ Less than yon solitary swan—  
 “ Far—far beneath the shallow maid 1085  
 “ He left believing and betray'd.  
 “ Such shame at least was never mine—  
 “ Leila—each thought was only thine!—  
 “ My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,  
 “ My hope on high—my all below. 1090  
 “ Earth holds no other like to thee,  
 “ Or if it doth, in vain for me—  
 “ For worlds I dare not view the dame  
 “ Resembling thee, yet not the same.

“ The very crimes that mar my youth 1095  
“ This bed of death—attest my truth—  
“ ’Tis all too late—thou wast—thou art  
“ The cherished madness of my heart !

“ In earlier days, and calmer hours,  
    “ When heart with heart delights to blend, 1100  
“ Where bloom my native valley’s bowers—  
    “ I had—Ah ! have I now ?—a friend !—  
“ To him this pledge I charge thee send—  
“ Memorial of a youthful vow ;  
“ I would remind him of my end,— 1105  
    “ Though souls absorbed like mine allow  
“ Brief thought to distant friendship’s claim,  
“ Yet dear to him my blighted name.  
“ ’Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,  
    “ And I have smil’d—(I then could smile—) 1110  
“ When Prudence would his voice assume,  
    “ And warn—I reck’d not what—the while—  
“ But now remembrance whispers o’er  
“ Those accents scarcely mark’d before.  
“ Say—that his bodings came to pass, 1115

“ And he will start to hear their truth,  
 “ And wish his words had not been sooth,  
 “ Tell him—unheeding as I was—  
 “ Through many a busy bitter scene  
 “ Of all our golden youth had been— 1120  
 “ In pain, my faltering tongue had tried  
 “ To bless his memory ere I died ;  
 “ But heaven in wrath would turn away,  
 “ If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.  
 “ I do not ask him not to blame— 1125  
 “ Too gentle he to wound my name ;  
 “ And what have I to do with fame ?  
 “ I do not ask him not to mourn,  
 “ Such cold request might sound like scorn ;  
 “ And what than friendship’s manly tear 1130  
 “ May better grace a brother’s bier ?  
 “ But bear this ring—his own of old—  
 “ And tell him—what thou dost behold !  
 “ The wither’d frame, the ruined mind,  
 “ The wrack by passion left behind—  
 “ A shrivelled scroll, a scatter’d leaf,  
 “ Sear’d by the autumn blast of grief ! 1135

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Tell me no more of fancy’s gleam,  
 “ No, father, no, ’twas not a dream ;  
 “ Alas ! the dreamer first must sleep,                    1140  
 “ I only watch’d, and wish’d to weep ;  
 “ But could not, for my burning brow  
 “ Throbb’d to the very brain as now.  
 “ I wish’d but for a single tear,  
 “ As something welcome, new, and dear ;                1145  
 “ I wish’d it then—I wish it still,  
 “ Despair is stronger than my will.  
 “ Waste not thine orison—despair  
 “ Is mightier than thy pious prayer ;  
 “ I would not, if I might, be blest,                    1150  
 “ I want no paradise—but rest.  
 “ ’Twas then, I tell thee, father ! then  
 “ I saw her—yes—she liv’d again ;  
 “ And shining in her white symar,\*  
 “ As through yon pale grey cloud—the star                1155  
 “ Which now I gaze on, as on her  
 “ Who look’d and looks far lovelier ;  
 “ Dimly I view its trembling spark—  
 “ To-morrow’s night shall be more dark—

\* “ Symar”—Shroud.

“ And I—before its rays appear, 1160  
 “ That lifeless thing the living fear.

“ I wander, father ! for my soul  
 “ Is fleeting towards the final goal ;  
 “ I saw her, friar ! and I rose,  
 “ Forgetful of our former woes ; 1165  
 “ And rushing from my couch, I dart,  
 “ And clasp her to my desperate heart ;  
 “ I clasp—what is it that I clasp ?  
 “ No breathing form within my grasp,  
 “ No heart that beats reply to mine, 1170  
 “ Yet, Leila ! yet the form is thine !  
 “ And art thou, dearest, chang'd so much,  
 “ As meet my eye, yet mock my touch ?  
 “ Ah ! were thy beauties e'er so cold,  
 “ I care not—so my arms enfold 1175  
 “ The all they ever wish'd to hold.  
 “ Alas ! around a shadow prest,  
 “ They shrink upon my lonely breast ;  
 “ Yet still—'tis there—in silence stands,  
 “ And beckons with beseeching hands ! 1180  
 “ With braided hair, and bright-black eye—  
 “ I know 'twas false—she could not die !

“ But he is dead—within the dell  
 “ I saw him buried where he fell ;  
 “ He comes not—for he cannot break                            1185  
 “ From earth—why then art thou awake ?  
 “ They told me, wild waves roll’d above  
 “ The face I view, the form I love ;  
 “ They told me—’twas a hideous tale !  
 “ I’d tell it—but my tongue would fail—  
 “ If true—and from thine ocean-cave  
 “ Thou com’st to claim a calmer grave ;  
 “ Oh ! pass thy dewy fingers o’er  
 “ This brow that then will burn no more ;  
 “ Or place them on my hopeless heart—                    1195  
 “ But, shape or shade !—whate’er thou art,  
 “ In mercy, ne’er again depart—  
 “ Or farther with thee bear my soul,  
 “ Than winds can waft—or waters roll !—

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Such is my name, and such my tale,                    1200  
 “ Confessor—to thy secret ear,  
 “ I breathe the sorrows I bewail,  
 “ And thank thee for the generous tear

“ This glazing eye could never shed,  
 “ Then lay me with the humblest dead,                  1205  
 “ And save the cross above my head,  
 “ Be neither name nor emblem spread—  
 “ By prying stranger to be read,  
 “ Or stay the passing pilgrim’s tread.”

He pass’d—nor of his name and race                  1210  
 Hath left a token or a trace,  
 Save what the father must not say  
 Who shrived him on his dying day ;  
 This broken tale was all we knew  
 Of her he lov’d, or him he slew.                  1215

The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son’s supposed infidelity ; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night ! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or shewed a symptom of terror at so sudden a “ wrench from all we know, from all we love.” The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaut ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten.—I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives.—The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily

distinguished from the rest by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original.

For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most eastern, and, as Mr. Weber justly entitles it, "sublime tale," the "Caliph Vathek." I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the "Bibliotheque Orientale;" but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his "Happy Valley" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis."



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